

# The STORAGRAM

JANUARY  
1925



DAN KALDOR

Kaufmann's  
*"The Big Store"*

Fifth Avenue  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

T may be proved with much certainty, that God intends no man to live in this world without working; but it seems no less evident that He intends every man to be happy in his work. It was written: "In the sweat of thy brow," but it was never written: "In the breaking of thy heart." --*Ruskin.*

# The STORAGRAM

*The management does not see this publication until it is issued, therefore assumes no responsibility for articles printed in it*

*Published monthly by and for the employees of Kaufmann's, "The Big Store"; printed and bound in our own Printing Shop*

Vol. VI

Pittsburgh, Pa., January

No. 1

## BULLETINS

In the December Suggestion Contest, the following were awarded prizes:

L. Weiler ..... Shoe Department  
F. Kirk ..... Picture Department



### The Suggestion Boxes Again

It is urgent that we call your attention to the fact that there has been a decided slump in the receipts of our Suggestion Boxes. If we could flatter ourselves into believing there is no room for improvement in service, there would be no Suggestion Boxes. But we can't believe this to be really true and would like to have a better explanation of the cobwebs that surround the boxes.

It is to our mutual advantage if you place suggestions before the firm. In the first place, if the suggestion is worth while, you will be awarded one of the monthly prizes. Even if it's a bit impractical, it is a proof that you are exchanging your brain-work as well as your office hours for your salary and such wide-awake practices inevitably are rewarded.

Be on the lookout for flaws in system or chances for improving service. Not only in your own department, but also throughout the entire store. Remember, every suggestion is welcomed and appreciated. Do your bit.



## Mr. Henry Kaufmann Gives \$750,000.00

Mr. Henry Kaufmann, one of our store's founders and the present vice-president of the firm, announced recently at a dinner that he had donated downtown property of his with a valuation of \$750,000 to the Irene Kaufmann Settlement. This enormous gift is the climax to a series of donations Mr. Kaufmann has made to this organization in his lifetime. In whole, they amount to about \$1,500,000.

Such generosity as this is making Mr. Kaufmann's name famous as one of our city's leading philanthropists and earning for him the undying gratitude of the community at large. We, as employees of an institution whose heads have been constantly in sympathy with every worthy charitable move, should feel proud of our connection. Such public benevolence cannot fail to be appreciated by the people of the city and Henry Kaufmann's name will linger long with them as a charitable, well-meaning citizen, one of our finest.

### 30th Anniversary Of Settlement

Congratulations are extended to the Irene Kaufmann Settlement of Center Avenue, upon their recent celebration of their thirtieth anniversary. This organization has for all these years been accomplishing a splendid work in the advancement of the civic, intellectual and social welfare of the community, and has achiev-

ed remarkable success through its efforts.

The settlement was named in honor of Miss Irene Kaufmann, a daughter of Mr. Henry Kaufmann, one of our store's founders. Mr. Kaufmann has always been interested in the work of the institution and has often donated sums of money to assist it. Mr. Edgar J. Kaufmann, our store President, is also a member of the Settlement Board and greatly concerned with its welfare.

Congratulatory messages were received from Mayor Magee, Henry Kaufmann, Rabbi Ashinsky, Prof. Ryne arson and other prominent people of the city. A dinner was given in honor of Mr. Henry Kaufmann in appreciation of the continued interest and splendid generosity he has demonstrated toward the Settlement and its associated philanthropies.

### Our Store Orchestra

We are not a little proud of the efforts of one Mr. Eddie Weitz who is now drilling the Store Orchestra into some semblance of a real organization and we want to wish him all the luck in the world. This store is certainly large enough to have a real orchestra and we're sure there are some of you talented folk who could help it along if you will only step up and proffer your services.

The orchestra is still in its practice stage but promises to become a live-wire band of music-makers and they will welcome any additions at any time. The time is ripe for joining now—you can have lots of fun out of it and be a part of an organization that will be of some account soon, if we are any sort of prophets. Join up today.



IRENE KAUFMANN SETTLEMENT BUILDING

## Thoughts While Strolling 'Round the Store

New Year's greetings to you, folks, the ol' observer will see what is to observe for this first trip of the year. Am reversing the usual order and will set out from the—

**Thirteenth Floor**—In the Cafeteria, of course. And there's quite a crowd here too. Luther, Pheelip and Hairy are jawing about something or other in their usual agreeable way. Mrs. Shaw and Miss Craig are just settling down to their hot chocolates while Mrs. Cash\$ and Sarah Siegel occupy another table. Babette and Hannah might happen along any time now. Mustn't do this though. I'll gulp down this "coke" and hie myself away. Stentorian-voiced John Macks is hunting one of his operators. There must be a customer on the first floor. Down the stairs cautiously now, calling at the

**Twelfth Floor**—Vincent Carr, the Human Saxophone is busy and silent. Both unusual. Friend Jimmie asks whether the magazine could make use of a good monkey. That's a new wrinkle, Jim. Pass Mr. Reizenstein in a stock room. I hear he's a physical culture faddist. In the Hosiery Stock Room I gossip with Jack and Joe for a moment or so. Mrs. Keener's at a desk across the way. To see Archie Greiner but he's out. A grim-visaged painting of Roosevelt looks down on me from Archie's wall. Beautiful teeth on T. R. Down again to

**Eleventh Floor**—Wind-up of the Overcoat Sale and Schulman stands wearily on lookout duty. Mr. Jacobi is picking his teeth, must have had a late luncheon today. Breeze defiantly past the Bird Room birds and into the musical section of the store. Miss Bittner flings a greeting as I pass. Asherfeld is demonstrating a player piano—that's no trick. Retracing steps and into the Gift Shop. A pleasant jaunt about it and over to the office where I bore Miss Flynn and Miss Shultheis a while then leave when Malapert comes in to receive a phone message. Down the elevator to the floor of action, the noiseless

**Tenth Floor**—Petite Frances, guardian of the executive portals, hustles by without so much as a glance. A brief stop in the sanctum. Miss Dwyer sails by, nettled because she couldn't stir much action from one of the porters. Paul, surrounded by his usual bevy of beauties. Miss Foley conferring with Mr. Brannigan, or are they arguing? Mr. O. M. Kaufmann and Mr. Friedlaender poring over some blue-prints. Looks like somebody's going to get an office moved. Greer with his inevitable rule. Over to the Employment Office

which is all a'chatter about something or other.

Meet Shaw in the hall. He's some income tax expert, believe me. Miss Stephenson is worried about her posters. Back to the Print Shop where Bill and Bill are making preparations for their new press. And hearty John Eberle greets me. Louie Maurer chimes in with another affable "Hello"! Must go now. On the

**Ninth Floor**—And I catch sight of Mr. Clarkson bending over the new animal rugs displayed here. Mr. Nelson's busy with a pad and pencil in the rear. Melsha is nowhere in sight and Mr. Silverstein's still ill, I believe. To the escalator and down to the

**Eighth Floor**—Gus Linder has a man-sized carbuncle on his neck. B. T. Smith just got rid of his. Vanderslice, the great promiser, stalls me off with another promise. Furniture looks lovely and a' that but I must not tarry. Carried downward some more to the

**Seventh Floor**—Schleicher is a blushing violet when it comes to publicity. Moving northward and chat with Wall about Otto Kunkle, Eddie, Muggsy McGraw and other well-known celebrities. J. I. Flynn is beyond the horizon. Over to Lamps and am introduced to nice young lady by Nicholas. Hustle away and just catch escalator in time. Descending again, to the

**Sixth Floor**—Mr. Greene at the Service Desk and mightily pleased about something for his face is wreathed in smiles. Mr. Schwartz has a twin look of gladness—oh, it's that great White Sale that's causing all the merriment I guess. He should laugh. Cummins entertains me with an original tale that illustrates the amusing mistakes that may be made by careless check-writing. I respond with a whole-hearted laugh and saunter along with head a'buzzing while ideas for Suggestion Boxes come and go in dizzy flights. The Yard Goods and Silk departments are happily busy so I'll take the lazy-man's stairway again. On the

**Fourth Floor**—I am once again reminded of Wolk's refusal to tangle with a shoplifting suspect and banter him about it. There's Miss Collins—I'll tell a tale she and Mr. Kuehn told me. Miss Collins happened to be standing near one of her extra salesgirls when a negress approached the girl and asked to be shown a dress for her daughter. The salesgirl showed the customer several dresses after first inquiring about the daughter's age and while the negress was eyeing them doubtfully, the girl sent Miss Collins into hysterics when she asked, "Is your daughter a blonde or a brunette?"

The negress, a trifle surprised, answered, "Well, her complexion is fair, she's lighter than me." Without guile, the salesgirl proceeded with the sale and finally made it.

To resume—there's Mr. Kuehn now, talking to Miss McGowan. And he puts a hint of a brogue into his greeting. Mr. Heyman, the ex-president of the Buyers Association has a friendly word as usual. Some of our fair buyers claim he was the association's most handsome executive and we're inclined to believe they are right. Woodmansee and Broecker at the Service Desk return my salute smilingly. Enough, to the

**Third Floor**—And I encounter Mr. Irwin D. Wolf in conversation with Mr. West. Wonder if I. D. is in trim to pitch a few innings of Bear Run ball? He looks as if he is. Mrs. Nugent and John Trainor are around the corner but too busy for disturbance. To the Art Department and I note a girl with an odd coiffure. Isn't my French improving? In Millinery I chat with Mrs. Salomon and greet Miss Minnie Gibian who is visiting "The Big Store". Around to Boys' Clothing and a brief talk to Bauerle about the old escalator. Then to the new one and down.

**Second Floor**—Bieberstein, who is reputed to be a 3-cushion billiard shark, has some news for me. Mr. Harris and Mr. Oxenreiter are talking, walking and I can't get near enough to break in. Over to the Sporting Section to see Walker perform a feat a la Kirkwood while Pete never flinches as the club head descends. Whittingham notes an improvement in my drive, (I only topped two), so I breeze happily away. Using stairs now to the

**Main Floor**—And encounter Paley in vehement conversation with Adelsheim. Archie Greiner passes serenely. Albright is polishing his eyeglasses. Up to see Mary at Victrola Record counter and hears a new jazz assassination. Down a crowded aisle to send a "Hello" to Bill Price and then worming my way tediously to the front. Miss Malley and her associates are very busy today but unruffled in spite of the rush. Mr. E. J. passes with a nobby derby hat. Looks like somebody from the other side of the pond. To the Shine stand and horn in on some gossip there. Walters and Fitzpatrick confer over some shoes. I'm on my way to the lower depths,

**The Basement**—Hohenstein and Salomon make amusing predictions for 1925 and send me to Keller for news of the silk situation. Not a fool's errand though, for Keller corners me with a lengthy story of it and calls on Atwell for

proof. I am more than satisfied but really don't give a hang whether the wool comes from Australia to America or from Chinook to McKeesport. Bodine is alert on his new job. Gavender worries Haas for an expression of weather changes or something. And the easiest part of my tour has arrived, its finish.

'Till the next time.

### Our Christmas Books Are Appreciated

Following a custom of many years' standing, "The Big Store" distributed thousands of Christmas Story Books to the kiddies of Pittsburgh and surrounding towns. Pupils of public and parochial schools and Sunday Schools were favored this Christmas with copies of these interesting and entertaining books. Following the mailing, letters of appreciation literally poured into the store and we have chosen the two below at random, for the sake of quoting.

#### MISSIONARY CONFRATERNITY OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE

BUTLER, PA.

December 30th, 1924,  
Kaufmann's "The Big Store".  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gentlemen:

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the five hundred Christmas Books for distribution to the children of our Sunday Schools. These books have been given to the children at the fifteen places, mostly small towns, where our classes are conducted and to say that the children were delighted to get them is putting it very mildly indeed.

Again thanking you for your kindness and wishing you a very prosperous New Year, we remain

Yours very truly,  
Butler Center, M. C. C. D.,  
CHAS. J. STOCK, Pres.

Donora, Pa.,  
January 1, 1925.

Kaufmann's "The Big Store",  
Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Dear Sirs:

We are using the books you sent as readers, also as Language Books. The pupils, as a group, composed the accompanying letter of thanks and copied it from the board.

We are very grateful,

BESSIE M. SPEER,  
First St. School,  
Donora, Pa.

There came with this letter a note of thanks from each child— delightfully sincere in its grateful way and certainly full payment for the expense of the books.

## In Memoriam

"And is this all? Will the foregoer be lost forever? Is death the end? Over the grave bends Love, sobbing, and by her side stands Hope, and whispers: 'We shall meet again'.

"Before all life is death and after all death is life. The falling leaf touched with the hectic flush that testifies of Autumn's death, is, in a subtle sense, a prophecy of Spring."

Mr. David Braunstein, one of our store's Merchandise Managers, died on Sunday, December 28, after a short siege of typhoid fever. He had been with the store for four years, coming here from his home in Atlantic City where he was in the retail department store business. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Gladys Braunstein; a daughter, Doris; and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Braunstein of Atlantic City.

Mr. Braunstein was one of our store's best known executives, and while with us, had kindled about him a splendid spirit of friendliness. His acknowledged ability to handle merchandising problems wisely, and his training as a merchant, pointed out for him a future denied to most men of his age and in his passing, the world lost an excellent merchant as well as a splendid gentleman.

We, who knew Mr. Braunstein as an associate worker, were saddened beyond expression at the news of his death and felt all too poignantly the grief of his loss. His fellow executives, without exception, grieved over his departure with the sorrow of friends who find the world a whit less happy through losing such a man.

## Announcing a New Buyer

Mr. Schwartz informs us that Miss Claire Weber is the latest member of his buying staff, she having been given charge of the Infants and Tots' Wear Departments. Miss Weber was formerly connected with P. Wasson's of Indianapolis and made a most impressive record while there.

Everything augurs well for her success with "The Big Store" and we extend this hearty welcome to her with the hope that she will soon familiarize herself with the spirit of the store and will be one of us heart and soul. Miss Weyman and Miss Arras will assist Miss Weber in her work here.

## *Mr. Edward Meyers Leaves*

When a man has been connected with an organization for twenty-seven and one-half years and during that time, has endeared himself to all associated with him, it is a difficult, unpleasant task to tell of his leaving. Mr. Meyers, or Eddie as he is more familiarly known, was so firmly entrenched in friendships with store people and so well appreciated by those who knew him in a business way, that the ordeal of going from the store must have called for some courage.

"The Big Store" was his first and only place of employment and he literally grew with it,



MR. EDWARD MEYERS

for his advancement was as rapid as the progress of the store itself and as deserving. When interviewed shortly before he left, Mr. Meyers admitted that he was sorry to leave us for it meant losing daily contact with so many friends but, as he had decided to leave the retail end of the clothing business, he felt the change would be better suited to his ambition.

He extended the hope that Mr. Henry Harris who succeeds him, will meet with all the success in the world and will enjoy his work in the Men's Clothing Department as well as he (Mr. Meyers), did. The store certainly loses one of its most energetic and industrious buyers in Mr. Meyers, but his friendship we'll keep just the same. Here's hoping he is supremely happy in his new position.

### The Little Things Really Count

The puny arm of a child thrusts back a mighty sea from destroying the dikes of Holland; a scant half-hour delay on the part of Napoleon's reinforcing army and his conquest of the world became a shattered dream at Waterloo; a single rifle shot on the bridge at Concord and our country was aroused for its heroic struggle to free itself from an oppressive mother country—truly, the little things do count!

In scanning History's pages we are confronted time and again with trivial incidents that led to great conquests or accomplished mighty feats. And we find in analyzing the lives of great men that they, at all times, respected and considered gravely things that we would have termed trifling.

In mischievous boyhood days Washington began building his character to fit himself to be "Father of Our Country;" James Watt first harnessed steam as a power-producing force when playing with a tea-kettle and we are told that Eli Whitney first awakened his inventive genius by repairing his father's watch that he had taken apart, his success urged upon him by the fear of the punishment that failure would have brought.

In everyday life the little tasks we do, the trifling ideas that flit before us, all have an important bearing upon the future. There is nothing so important that it counts for naught unless it be mere idling. The little habits of kindness you have, cultivate them; the hardly-worth-while thoughts that occur to you, recall them—make everything you do, count. We build from trifles and trifles form a most secure foundation when properly nurtured.



**Mr. Abbott Reading Old Ads**

This is our cartoonist's impression of Mr. Abbott in his usual reading posture on the floor of his office. His stance is unusual, to put it mildly, and folks who don't know of his peculiar habit, stare in amusement when they see him with the ad file.

### Sporting Goods Department Gossip

"Buttons! Buttons! Who has the buttons?" See Pete Wendling for details.

Teresa Meyers says that she and her 103-man will be married as soon as he pays all the instalments on the ring.

Katherine Silasky—"When I first saw him I just knew he was the one—you know."

Whittingham should make a good singer, he has legs like a canary.

Anna Rice gets the blues often since the extra holiday force of salesmen have left her aisle.

Since the Men's Sweater section has become a regular department, Miss Hobbs is talking to the wrappers with an air of condescension, just like an experienced buyer.

The novelty of married life must be worn off for John Miller. He has resumed talking to the girls in his old way now.

Leo Fichter is still well posted on the price of American Beauties and the taste of Dago Red, (whoever that last chap is, we don't know.)

Dave Jacobson is Kaufmann's dog-collar expert.

Dan Spisak forgot to mention himself when requested, so we'll have to do it for him. We think he is in for a pretty hot time shortly after these magazines are distributed and we wish him well.

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### A Visitor From Philadelphia

A gentleman accompanying the group from the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce that recently visited Pittsburgh, happened to drop into "The Storagram" office to exchange pleasantries. He had made a leisurely tour of the store and particularly studied its salespeople and office folk to compare them with the employees of the firm for whom he edits a house organ.

When talking about his impression to the writer he lauded the people of this store so highly we thought it an attempt at flattery, but thanked him for the compliments nevertheless and told him we believed "The Big Store" people had a much better atmosphere about them than any other store people in the city.

That afternoon, we made several leisurely tours of other stores to check up on the visitor's remarks. And we came back convinced that the man was sincere. It may have been the strangeness, it may have been that we were too critical, or we may have been too prejudiced to judge—but there certainly was an apparent difference of morale to us, and all in our store's favor. There was some indefinite "something" that was lacking in every store we visited and we only hope it's true, for it is indeed, a real compliment to hear that the people of your store are "different" and have a "higher morale" than those of other stores.

# THE STORAGRAM

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JANUARY 1925

## A New Year's Thought

During one of his lectures, a prominent speaker of this city made the statement that New Year's Day is not necessarily the first of January, but may be any day in the year. For instance, how many times have we heard a man say, "That was before I was married", "That was just after my operation", "Three years after I left school"? In other words, each of these events, marriage, illness, graduation, marked the beginning of a new period in his life because he himself, dates happenings either before or after their occurrence.

The other day a young woman with whom I had been talking suddenly exclaimed "Is this the 6th of January? Why it's nine years ago today since I came into the store." I wondered then how many of us unconsciously have been dating our new year from the time we came to Kaufmann's. Don't we often say "After I started to work at the store". "Before I worked at Kaufmann's"?

For many of us, our Standbys, the "New Year" has been twenty calendar years or more, for others, it is just beginning.

Let each of us in our New Year, our life in "The Big Store" make it a period of growth always reaching out for something bigger and better, gaining from this development the happiness and prosperity which always accompany it. May the New Year be the best you have ever had.

## Miss Dunkel is Recovering

The many friends and store associates of Miss Louise Dunkel will be glad to know that this popular young lady of the Bureau of Employment is rapidly recovering from her recent illness. Miss Dunkel was missed greatly by all who knew her and it is a pleasant task to allay their fears for her health. She will soon be back with us we hope.

## "Off With The Old On With The New"

"Down Eros, up Mars!" A new regime has begun! The mistakes, the grievances, the failures of last year are to be the lessons for the present one and a new era awaits our endeavor.

1924 is a matter of history now and 1925 is well on its way to become a greater one in every respect. Each new year must be greater than the fading one or Life would not be worth its salt; the world would retrogress and skid speedily into the dark eras from which we have so triumphantly emerged.

This year we have reason for a greater degree of optimism than at any time since the war and he who is fearful of '25 should be fearful that tomorrow's sun will fail us as well. Cowardice and optimism do not mix. The strugger with faith in his struggle is mightier than the giant conquered by Fear.

Reviewing hastily the past year we find that while it was disappointing to the extremists who offered prophecies, it was in the same measure up to the standards expected of it by conservative thinkers. It was a hazardous, strenuous year for capital, labor and industry in turn—yet it righted itself when the darkest hours came and altogether was as fine a year as could be expected, in view of the events that occurred within it.

Let us not presume too much for 1925. Moderate optimism a trifle with caution and the result will be all the more impressive at the year's end. Frankly, we believe individuals govern years and are not governed by them—and crises bring great men from the ranks of the obscure. 1925 is a year for opportunists. Are you one of them?

## Yes, We Like Photographs

Interesting photographs play an unbelievably important part in the success of any store magazine and help to give it the attention it deserves from readers. We are most human in our weaknesses, (editorially speaking), and nothing would make our hearts more glad than to receive a batch of pictures each month to help divert attention from our editorial failings.

Let's have some pictures for the next issue. Send up that cute one of your baby, an ancient one of yourself, one showing your hobby, or one of your family pet. The rest of us are all interested in what you do at home or away from the store and we'll all enjoy seeing your photos. Some magazines make fortunes exploiting this very idea, but we have no such intentions, we just want to see "The Big Store" people pictured here, often.

## Gertrude Gordon Pays "The Big Store" a Visit

Various assignments, listed under the head of personal experience, fall to the lot of the feature writer, so, when one day, recently, the city editor of the Press said, "Go to Kaufmann's tomorrow and work in the store all day, then write up what happens", the order, although a little surprising, was not startling.

So, after going through all the procedure required of new employees, the next morning saw me at the glove department, where with only the regular employees' relief hours, I stood all day.

Of course it was interesting, meeting the customers and working with the girls, but, as it so happened, it was not a new thing to me.

For this was the thirteenth time I had worked at Kaufmann's. Every other time was in the capacity of real employee, in the years before newspaper work claimed me, and I was absorbed in my own reactions to coming back; just for the experience, not for necessity.

The clock of time ticked back 17 years when I reported for duty that day, for it had been that long since I last was employed in the Big Store. But it ticked back farther and farther, until it stopped at my fifteenth birthday, for that marked my first day's work.

After several weary days of applying, with other girls of like age, for the coveted position, on this particular day it was given me. The work was only extra, that is, lasted just three days. It was several years before I returned, and then it was in the capacity of demonstrator in the grocery department.

Several demonstrations fell to my lot during the ensuing years, at intervals with other work, outside the store, also positions as a regular employee of the store, until in 1907, I left, finally, to take a position on the Pittsburgh Post in the circulation department. In June, 1908, I began with the Press as feature writer and have been there ever since.

So it was not actually a new thing to seek and get a job. But the unusual thing about it was the general atmosphere surrounding such job getting today, as contrasted to years ago.

Long time ago, when you were given work in a department store, you were given a locker key, a slip of paper telling your floorwalker who you were, and that was all. Your instructions as to sales-slips, privileges, duties and rules came from your fellow-workers. Sometimes the floor-walker had time to tell you, particularly if you were a little slow at assimilating the knowledge, but ordinarily, you learned just as you could.

The rest room for the women employees in those days was small, uncomfortable, with no easy chairs. In fact the only chairs were those brought up from the shoe department. No magazines lay around, no carpet was on the floor.

The employees' dining room was dingy and unattractive. The food was moderately good, but the service was not even that.

There was no summer camp. The benefits from the employees' beneficial association were few as it was in its infancy.

The hours in the store were what the men in charge choose to make them. And in those days, department store work, meant three weeks, of working until 10 P. M. every day, in the holiday season. Also, every Saturday, the store closed at 10 P. M.

There was no systematic effort made by the officials to find what the various employees were fitted for, as this work was not being done anywhere.

Kaufmann's was neither the best nor the worst of the department stores, just a good average. Conditions were about as good there as anywhere. But opportunity rarely visited department store employees, unless it came guised as favoritism.

Today, the contrast is like a realization of an Utopian dream.

This contrast can be illustrated best by my own experiences, which followed exactly the line of any other successful applicant for a position.

First came the making out of the application blank and, when that is done, there isn't very much about the prospective employee, which the store officials do not know, or cannot check.

Then comes the mental test, in which I thought I failed ignominiously, but which, so I was told, I passed reasonably well. It is a puzzler with its "put an X in this space if the answer is right, but, if it is wrong, put down the capital of Idaho."

Then I was conducted to the training school. This was an absolutely new idea to me.

About 25 of us were in the room together, at chairs fitted with wide arms for convenience in writing. Each of us had a salesbook, pencil and index.

Facing us was a blackboard with, on it, facsimiles of the store sales-checks we were to make out.

*(Continued on Page Eighteen)*

## Toilet Goods and Drug

Miss Schneir is a born comedienne and we often wonder if she ever has ambitions for the footlights.

Amelia Stepanovitch is now in the Ivory Department and she can be depended upon to put forth her best.

Mildred Roob, our office girl, is liked by all in the department and has a pleasing personality to aid her in making friends.

Miss Frampton is very happy these days and we wonder if that sparkler she got for Christmas is the cause of all the joy.

Miss Weintraub is on the job every day and is one girl in the department who certainly tries to do her best at all times.

Miss Goodstein and Miss Rafferty of the Ivory Goods Section are resting up a bit, now that the holiday rush is a thing of the past.

Miss Schuh keeps her stock in fine shape, and if anyone would like to know how she does it, she will probably be more than glad to give them a few points on good stock-keeping.

Mr. Thomas, one of our druggists, was sick for a few days but is back on the job again. We were all glad to see him return and trust he won't be bothered by any more ill health.

We would all like to know how Frank Fleckenstein gets in so early in the morning. There have been rumors that he is a regular attendant at the theaters in town and we marvel that he can keep such excellent hours. Keep up the good work, Frank.

A word or two about Morris Simon. We really can't tell him how much we thank him for his efforts to keep our department in the news and we think this a good opportunity to tell him that his endeavors are gratefully looked upon by all concerned. Would that "The Storagram" had hundreds like Morris to liven its pages with real personals!

### At Men's Handkerchiefs Counter

Customer—"I'd like to see a handkerchief."

Mazie Coughlin—"What size, please?"

Customer—"Why he wears a 13½ collar."

Mazie—"Here's a nice one in lavender."

Customer—"Oh, that would never do. He wants one for every day."

Pause—(Half-hour of selection.)

Customer—"I'm in a hurry, so I'll take this one. I'll take it right with me."

Mazie—"Shall I have the old one sent?"



## Congratulations to Mr. Harris

Congratulations are in order now that Mr. Henry Harris has succeeded Mr. Edward Meyers as the buyer of the Men's Clothing Departments. Mr. Harris, who enjoys the enlightening nickname of "Attaboy", has for the past three years been the buyer of our Boys Clothing Departments.

Previous to his association with "The Big Store", Mr. Harris was in business for himself for two years. Before this venture he was with Gimbel Brothers in New York, where he made an enviable reputation as a buyer. In all, he has been in the clothing business for more than twenty-five years and is known from coast to coast by manufacturers and buyers.

All who enjoy his friendship, and there are many, wish Mr. Harris every possible bit of good fortune in his new undertaking. And Mr. E. J. himself, has promised to stick close to the department and build it up to an ideal, the finest Men's Clothing department in the world and the one with the largest volume of business.

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If we choose, we might fill the whole magazine with odd specimens of letters that are daily received by the firm and its individuals. The following is a choice one from the mail of Mr. Edgar Kaufmann.

Dec. 15, 1924.

Dear Mr. Kaufmann:

I am planning to spent a week in Pittsburgh on business, without obligating me, please mail me Pittsburgh views showing and giving names of its office buildings, banks, and hotels in Pittsburgh. I have wrote to a few hotels and I did not received any answers from none of them.

So will you please mail me some views of Pittsburgh showing and giving names of its hotels, offices and banks buildings. I will thank you very much for your kindness my name is — —, my address—F— Ave. New York.

## Mr. Edgar J. Kaufmann Donates \$100,000.00

In memory of his father, Mr. Morris Kaufmann, our store President gave a record-breaking donation of \$100,000 to the fund of the Young Men and Women's Hebrew Association's new building, early this year. This contribution is to be used for the erection and equipment of a beautifully designed auditorium to be known as the "Morris Kaufmann Memorial Auditorium" and having a seating capacity of about 1,500. The new building will be dedicated next autumn.

Mr. Kaufmann issued the following statement in confirming his gift:

"I am prompted to make this contribution to the Y. M. and W. H. A. because of the faith I have in the future of the organization. This organization is the medium through which the Jewish community of Pittsburgh may be wielded for the promotion in common of those ideals which must make for a better citizenship and a better Jewry. I earnestly hope that not the least of the contributing factors in this direction will be the activities conducted in the 'Morris Kaufmann Memorial Auditorium'.

"I have always been deeply interested in the welfare of the Y. M. and W. H. A., have aided it in whatever way I could and have felt that the day would inevitably come when the movement would assert itself and take its place among the great institutions of Pittsburgh."

### We're Wishing For Bear Run Now

Doesn't winter make you sick, though? Nothing but slush and snow and ice and more slush. Bitter winds chill you when you're outside and heavy underwear itches when you're inside—you don't know where to go to be comfortable. There's street car tie-ups and furnaces that swallow more coal than ocean liners and ungainly galoshes swishing everywhere and—oh, what's the use?

The cloud has a silver lining. Bear Run days are coming—and oh, how we hope they hustle along. Wouldn't you far rather take a cool plunge in the pool on a hot summer day than to do a back flip-flop on an icy winter street? Or wouldn't you be willing to trade in your hockey skates for a comfortable pair of tennis shoes to hike along woodland paths? Wouldn't you now? You bet, so would I!

### Our Calendars Are In Demand

The beautifully lithographed calendars which Mr. Haas recently distributed were so widely popular that it was necessary for him to replenish his supply, which was unusually large in the first place. Requests for them come in from almost every part of the globe, though the majority were distributed to foreign-speaking folk in and about Pittsburgh.

From South America, Jugo Slavia, Czechoslovakia, Greece Montenegro and Egypt came letters from people who desired these calendars and yes, even from within the masonry of a penitentiary one request found its way into Mr. Haas's hands. The inmate, whose signature was a serial number in the thousands, must be particularly fond of pretty calendars or else must want to check up the days of his sojourn so that he will not overstay his welcome. We hope 1925 will seem shorter than the calendar will make it for this chap and are really a bit proud that the fame of our store should spread even there.

### The Welcome Man

There's a man in the world, who is never turned down

Wherever he chances to stray;  
He gets the glad hand in the populous town,  
Or out where the farmers make hay,  
He's greeted with pleasure on deserts of sand,  
And deep in the isles of the woods;  
Wherever he goes, there's a welcoming hand—he's

The Man Who Delivers the Goods.

The failures of life sit around and complain,  
The gods haven't treated them white;  
They've lost their umbrellas whenever there's rain,

And they haven't their lanterns at night.  
Men tire of failures who fill with their sighs  
The air of their own neighborhoods;  
There's a man who is greeted with lovelighted eyes—he's

The Man Who Delivers the Goods.

One fellow is lazy and watches the clock,  
And waits for the whistle to blow;  
And one has a hammer with which he will knock,

And one tells a tale of woe.  
And one if requested to travel a mile,  
Will measure the perches and rods;  
But the one does his stunt with a whistle and smile—he's

The Man Who Delivers the Goods.

She is false to our club, that girl."

"What now?"

"Here we are selling kisses to raise money and she's bootlegging 'em free in the conservatory."—Judge.

## NORTH SIDE WAREHOUSE GOSSIP

A hearty hand shake by Mr. Wilcox, wishing all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, at the North Side, is one of the ways he has gained the co-operation of his co-workers.

Far be it from me to mention names but Ross has been sweet on one of the girls in the office and she sent him a beautiful Christmas card confessing her deep love. Leap year is over now, Lillian Craig.

The writer of this paragraph wrote one last month and a certain party received a buck (no need to mention names because the whole warehouse knows who it was). The writer can be bribed not to write any more for half a buck. That will be a saving of fifty per cent. Mr. Ross is the party.

Red O'Connors and Swan, have organized the Purity League. Bill Bevilacque was the first applicant for the membership.

Keller of the Linoleum Cutting Room has found something of interest in the office. How come Florence?

Dennis of the elevator service, was at another one of those high class hostelleries the other night. They charged him \$10.00.

Alfred Paul one of our checkers seems to be very nervous lately. It may be a late leap year proposal. Jimmie Dunn is looking for another job as groomsman.

What does Harry think of the cross-word puzzle stockings, Josephine?

Troy Hill lost another good man, Mr. Lunz moved to West Liberty.

Sylvester was terribly disappointed when Mr. Claherty told him there was no Santa Claus. Major Hoople alias McCarthy of the elevator service, was relating of his many trips on his car without tire trouble.

Mr. Badmaier of the Cabinet Shop would like to know when a special is not a special.

Mr. Guckert would like to know when George Dagan, a cabinet maker, is going to open his real estate office.

Betty, of the transfer desk had a belt buckle and a fob set on Christmas. Mr. Smith of the N. S. office has it now.

Dad, celebrated his birthday on January 3, 1925, by giving apples and oranges to the girls in the office.

John Wilson has a new banjo mandolin. Alex in the fixture department told him to get

a calliope attachment for it and poor John tried all over town to buy one.

Mr. Ross must have had a good Christmas going home in a taxi. Two were coming head on and the one he was in jumped over the other and went on. Did you ever see any bowlegged, green elephants or purple goats, Ross?

I wonder if Bill Bevilacque will hang around the Complaint Office now.

Mr. Wilcox must have got a bad break on Christmas. He was a half a day late. Did you read the sign back of the time-clock, Robert?

Now that the rush and overtime is over we will not see Bevilacque, Brady and Bob hanging around in front of the building waiting for the office force to go home.

McCarthy is now known as the elevator sheik. Ask the ladies or watch for yourself.

Brownie owned half of the old Garden, now he is on a fair road to own all the new place.

Charlie Fastain must expect to get arrested, he is always asking Ross if he can get him out. Don't get in, Chuck. Ross might tell them to keep you there for the winter.

I have often wondered if Engel shaves his mustache or if it just won't grow, it doesn't seem to be getting any bigger.

Joseph Schröffel is giving McCarthy a close run with the ladies. You better stick around at lunch hour Mac, or Joe will beat your time.

I heard a party tell Ross he was crazy and he said he knew it, and that was where he had it on these that thought they were all right.

Dale Newemyer's marriage has been postponed again. What is the matter, Dale? Is Henry trying to give you the cold shoulder.

John Lickenby, known as Dad, must have found a bottle with something good in it on Christmas.

Mr. Vowdran the tailor, accuses Lickenby of leading him from the straight and narrow path.

At the last meeting of the Grandmother's Club, Krouse was re-elected president; McCarthy, Vice-President; Cody, Secretary, and Swan, Treasurer, after voting. Will hold their next meeting January 31. Krouse closed the meeting by inhaling a handful of snuff.

We wish Beatrice in the office would tell us what is meant by (HERE IT IS SYLVESTER) and let us all in on it.

Miss Pascoe wanted a pair of armor plate stockings for Christmas. We have all been anxiously waiting to hear what she did get; fess up, Aunt Kate.

George Guckert tells every lady in the Warehouse he has the best cake baker in the country.

The Penn Avenue sheiks of the North Side Warehouse, Fritz Koenig and Red Yeschka.

Miss Elliott needs a pair of spectacles. She has been falling over all the trucks in the warehouse lately.

Bill Marn must be married, for a young lady calls up every evening and tells him to bring home the bacon.

Oh, George Engel what young lady gave you those cuff links?

Pat Claherty's harem presented him with a wrist watch for Christmas.

Swan, head receiver of the North Side, is the champion gas inhaler of the warehouse.

Jimmie Dunn is looking for a young lady to propose to. He said he is tired of this single life, so girls take notice.

Red Connors and Dad Lickenby have become bosom friends. Dad brings him apples every morning.

Swan claims Lickenby is a very poor housekeeper, he only makes occasional visits to sweep the Receiving Department.

Dewey Carr and G. Wittmer are the General Forbes sheiks. They are open for all engagements.

Dawson, the head porter, is making eyes at some of the fair sex.

### Those Christmas Dinners

Weren't they just great? And the menus—even though that one with the photographs of the firm members was a case of *lese majeste*, the others were clever, weren't they? That's because Phil Porterfield and Joe Meyers know their commies when it comes to foolishness.

Seriously speaking, one would have to stretch the imagination a bit to imagine more delightful menus than were prepared for those holiday dinners. Some of the "extras" just couldn't believe their eyes nor ears, it remained for the taste to convince. And the hungry crowds were handled very easily, thanks to the schedule arrangements that were made. We certainly wish Christmas would come more often.



### Mr. Wilcox Makes A Hit

They're still talking about it over on the far side of the river and they tell every stranger who falls within earshot. On Christmas Eve, at closing time, Mr. Wilcox, the North Side Superintendent, stationed himself near the exit door and grasped each employee by the hand as he wished them a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year".

Mr. Wilcox doesn't realize how many, many friends he has in the Warehouse and we know he doesn't take kindly to publicity, but they have all requested that "The Storagram" let its readers know just what sort of a "big boss" they have over there, and how well he is appreciated.

### Success

- 100 per cent—I did.
- 90 per cent—I will.
- 80 per cent—I can.
- 70 per cent—I think I can.
- 60 per cent—I might.
- 50 per cent—I think I might.
- 40 per cent—What is it?
- 30 per cent—I don't know how.
- 20 per cent—I wish I could.
- 10 per cent—I can't.
- 0 per cent—I won't.—Selected.

## Miss Murphy Passes Away

On December 30, 1924, Miss Mayme E. Murphy, buyer of our Misses' Suits Department, passed away after an illness that had sapped her of all resistance. Her death was a shock and sorrow to the many here who knew her as a friend and particularly to the folk of the Fourth Floor, with whom she enjoyed great favor.

It was touching indeed to hear of the eulogies given her by the associate buyers who knew her best. A member of the Stand-By Club and an employee of the store for almost three decades, Miss Murphy was in excellent repute with most of our veterans and all mourned her passing as the departure of a real friend. Mr. Heyman spoke of Miss Murphy as a "most conscientious, most honorable woman" and one worthy of anyone's pride to have known intimately.

### Mr. Gattman and Miss Berger Here

Mr. Ernest Gattman, who was a Kaufmann-ite some years ago and left to go to California, has returned to the fold and will have charge of our Suits, Coats and Fur Departments on the Fourth Floor. Until recently he was connected with The May Company in Los Angeles, Cal., but will undoubtedly have renewed all his friendships in "The Big Store" in a brief while. Here's hoping he will get that "at home" feeling soon and that he will enjoy complete success in his work here.

Miss Pauline Berger is another newcomer to be welcomed by us, coming here to take charge of the Ladies' Gowns Department as buyer. Miss Berger possesses a sizeable fund of experience well earned in the service of the May Company of Cleveland and Bamberger's in Newark, where she formerly had connections. We extend to her best wishes for her happiness in the store and hope her path to success is free of difficulties.

### Mr. Kuehn Is Honored By Buyers

At the first Buyers' Association meeting of 1925, Mr. Kuehn was elected by the Association members as their president for the coming year. Mr. Kuehn succeeds Mr. Herbert Heyman, also of the Fourth Floor, and after the results of the voting were made public, both the retiring president and the president-elect exchanged congratulations.

The speakers of the meeting were Mr. Sol Abbott, Mr. Irwin D. Wolf, Mr. Edgar J. Kaufmann, Mr. Heyman, who presided, and Mr. Kuehn.

## Miss McKenzie Improving

From far-off New Mexico comes a brave message of optimism and good cheer from the popular head of our Welfare Department. In a letter to Mr. Greene, portions of which are quoted below, she tells of her new surroundings, the temperature and her impressions of the place. She expresses a hope that the business season will come up to expectations and approves heartily of the foundation of the Young Men's Club in the store.

But a scant paragraph or two is devoted by her in describing her illness. Parts of the letter follow:

"I am feeling good and they tell me I look well. I have a good appetite and sleep well at night—I don't sleep through the day so that I can sleep at night . . . Was so pleased to hear about the Boy's Club at Y. M. C. A. I wish every boy in the store could join—it is a good influence. They usually meet fine types of men and then too, have the advantages of gymnasium, swimming and classes."

Miss McCullough has been writing me about the Chorus but I did not know about the Orchestra—that is fine . . . "

### What-Nots from the Want-Slip Office

I wonder why Mary Atkins always draws a big breath when she hears Joe mentioned?—and we wonder why her favorite poem is Somebody cares, what a world of woe Lifts from our hearts when we really know That somebody really and truly cares That we're in somebody's thoughts and prayers. And I want you to know and I feel you do, That someone is always thinking of YOU.

That sweet little girl with the Titian hair, Miss Morgan by name, says her favorite boy name is John—altho' Harry comes a close second—I wonder!

Miss Ruffner also likes the name of Harry—seems to be a popular name—Miss Ruffner is a better know as Ruffles and yearns to be called Gwendolyn.

Moving again—everything tends to make us think its the first of May—moving day you know—but every day seems to be moving day up here on the 10th. Is it not so? Yes.

How do you like the new glazed glass in the offices? Quite spiffy, isn't it? Has a few advantages too—ask Jack in the Advertising Department.

Miss Bradshaw says that the Fort Pitt was wonderful on New Year's Eve—sounds interesting!



### That 5:30 Rush On The Clock

The evening attacks on the poor old clock resemble nothing more than old style football mass plays. Only the strongest and shiest can emerge from one of these rushes without injury or ruffled feelings.

### Bookkeeping Office Honor Roll

During the month of December, record-breaking became a store-wide accomplishment and the best efforts of previous years were overshadowed in many instances by the volume and speed of the work of this recent Christmas season. In the Bookkeeping Office some startling performances were made, even in the face of the tremendous business of the month.

An Honor Roll was posted, bearing the names of the girls who handled the most postings daily and the following misses' names were found on the sheet. The month's postings were almost 20% higher than the figures of a year ago and the only evening work was done on December 1, and December 30, getting out the bills.

The Honor Roll: The Misses T. Chussetts, I. Tschippert, K. Smouse, L. Sarvey, S. Seepin, H. Backony, S. Braun, E. McKee, M. Geis, M. Nau, M. Downey, M. Lawson, A. Downey, C. Luft, J. Bonstein, D. Robinson, M. Frantz, M. Schultheis, M. Duffy, E. Downey, A. Polansky, H. Voelker, R. Weiner, M. Cummings, M. R. Woods, M. Hammel, H. Care, M. Ruffing, R. Grimes, and R. Arndt.

### Observe The Laws of Health

Appearances, regarding your personal health, often mislead. Do not accept opinions or trust appearances—undergo a physical examination. Find out how nearly right you are.

Ventilate every room you occupy. Not all is known about fresh air, but enough is known of its influences to warrant recommending it highly for as many hours of the day as possible.

Wear lightweight, loose, porous clothing, suited to weather and occupation. Arrange to remove layers of outer clothing when in a warm building.

Get plenty of outdoor exercise. Get plenty of sleep. Sleep in fresh air, always. Open your bedroom windows, have no fire in the room but keep your feet dry.

Always hold a handkerchief before your mouth and nose when you sneeze or cough. Chew your food thoroughly. Stand and walk erect.

Avoid self-drugging. Do not take other people's medicine because "Your cold is just the kind I had".

Eat plenty of wholesome food. Do not go without breakfast. Drink plenty of water. Bathe daily. Keep the teeth, gums and tongue clean.

If you feel chilly, have a headache or backache and are running a temperature, remain at home in bed and have your family physician see you.

If you have a cold, come to the Store Hospital or see your family physician before it reaches the stage where it will necessitate your remaining away from business. So-called common colds—grippe and sore throat, (Tonsilitis), are infectious. We can give them to and get them from others.

### Kris Kringle, alias Joe Meyers

We had never heard of a Jewish Santa Claus and were properly at a loss to make a reply when Joe Meyers, with eyes twinkling, assured us there must be one. The proof we found to be conclusive and we are offering it for the perusal of those who doubt.

"Mr. Jos. Meyers,

Kind Sir:—

In the name of my dear little ones I extend you my sincerest and most heartfelt gratitude for all the nice toys you have forwarded to us. The little ones will surely not forget the good Santa, (Mr. Jos. Meyers), in their prayers, who made them so happy.

May God bless and reward you for the joy you made to others. Very gratefully yours,

Sister M. Godfrieda,  
1501 Center Ave.

**Footprints**

We have surely had a rushing day  
 For selling shoes is not child's play;  
 Hustling down past tables,  
 Scampering down the aisles,  
 We see the shoes 'most everywhere  
 Stacked in orderly piles.

We're asking Mr. Weiler just where  
 The black shoes can be found,  
 When we must find another pair  
 With toes shaped nice and round.  
 Or we must look for brown ones  
 With heels that are low and flat,  
 Our customer can't wear high heels  
 For she's not used to that.

"Don't you have a pair of fine kid shoes,  
 Made of calfskin, good and strong?  
 "That's not the kind, it's much too short  
 —the other's far too long!"

"Now may I call tomorrow  
 Or when I really decide  
 Whether one pair is too narrow  
 Or the other pair too wide?"

"Oh, thank you for your trouble  
 I just came in to see  
 If you really charged just double  
 What the prices ought to be."

"You're very welcome, Madam,  
 Please call again some day  
 You'll find we're glad to see you  
 And will treat you right each way.  
 Our prices are the best you'll find  
 In the whole United States,  
 And our sales are really wonderful—  
 Why don't you watch their dates?

"You'll find our advertisements  
 In 'The Pittsburgh Daily Press'  
 If you wish again to try our shoes  
 'Kaufmann's Store' is our address."

—MARIE ZIMMERLY,  
 Main Floor Tables, Contingent.

**"The Big Store" Bowling Team**

The team has lately made strides that show for improvement in their games. Mr. J. H. Colwes, a new member of the team and a good bowler, has certainly put pep into us. Every man on the team is bowling better and averages are bound to climb soon.

The following scores are those rolled by Kaufmann's against the Pittsburgh Coal team, the leaders of the league, in a recent match.

Kaufmann's Department Store						
Craig .....	150	136	154	110	157	707
Weiland .....	142	103	.....	127	152	524
Colwes .....	139	132	160	119	121	671
Laughlin .....	.....	139	.....	.....	139	
Totals .....	431	371	453	356	430	2041
Pittsburgh Coal Co.						
Hanlon .....	142	130	154	124	127	667
Edwards .....	120	155	117	116	124	632
Hahn .....	147	169	106	83	149	654
Totals .....	409	454	377	323	400	1963



Laws and His "Margie"

Mr. R. Laws, one of our genial fellows from the elevator service, was most agreeably surprised on the first of the year when the stork left little "Margie" as a New Year's gift. He was so elated over the event that he gave each operator a 50c cigar.

Laws has been married for ten years and "Margie" is the only child of the union. Both wife and baby are doing well.

**Is It Fair and Right**

"The perfect image of his father!" is what they always say,  
 When a wee, squirming bit of humanity comes into the world to stay;  
 He is red and wrinkled and homely, and quite often has no hair,  
 And he makes the most awful faces, Now I hardly call that fair!

Then later, when he is showing a real resemblance to me,  
 And I take him to ride in his go-cart, as proud as a father can be;  
 A chorus constantly greets me: "The baby! How pretty! How bright!  
 He's the image of his mother." Now I claim that isn't right!

—K. H. Charles (The Synchronizer)

## "News From China X"

Mr. Young from Fixture Department has finally received his soldier bonus. Now he imagines all the girls are after him.

Miss Fannie Krauss always has her hand up to her face; the reason is a little sparkler from somebody's brother.

Miss Sporer from dinnerware challenges any one from "The Big Store" to beat her playing 500.

Miss Joyce of China, has a wonderful display of as is. Mr. Minnick is one of her many customers.

Notice the smiling countenance of Al and Miss Gardner. Ask them when it is coming off.

Mary of the Bric-a-Brac seems to be all smiles here lately. I wonder when Donnley expects to get enough cigarette coupons for a sparkler.

Why does Margaret of the China Wrapping Desk blush every time Bill gives her that love-sick look?

Sarah of the China Office told the girls that her sparkler was for a Christmas Gift. Ask Frank, he'll tell you differently.

### Mr. Schwartz Is Congratulated

His many friends in "The Big Store" proffered congratulations to Mr. Louis Schwartz of the Sixth Floor, on January 15, when he and Mrs. Schwartz observed the twentieth anniversary of their marriage. "The Storagram" hopes that we will some day have occasion to congratulate husband and wife upon their Golden Anniversary and wishes them many happy anniversaries in the meanwhile.

### You Don't Say!

Don't say you're a star because you stay out all night.

Don't say you're a peach because you have the clinging habit.

Don't say you're a dear because you're quick to run.

Don't say you're honey because you say sweet things.

Don't say you're bright because you have a moon face.

Don't say you're sharp because you make pointed remarks.

Don't say you're in love just because you don't know what you're doing.

Don't say you're a Shiekh just because you use Sta-comb.

Don't say you're a vamp because you have black eyes. (And the left is blacker than the right!)

Don't say you're perfect just because you're a "perfect 36".

Don't say you're lucky just because you found a 4 leaf clover. (Far from it.)

Don't say you're a farmer just because you have hay in your hair.

—N. M. CULLETON,  
Tenth Floor.



### Attention, Lester

The placidity of the shoe department is marred. A sleek, glossy-haired, goggled sheik has walked in, and with utter abandon of the broken hearts in his path, has shattered the peaceful happiness that quiet business brings.

This handsome hair-parted Adonis, oblivious to the feelings of his co-salesmen, has added practically every heart of the shoe department to his already lengthy string. But we (the co-salesmen) give him fair warning to beware. We have heard of his cruel treatment to the shoe department, and Peggy, with tears in her eyes, has told us of his infidelity to her. Imagine anyone so low as to make an appointment with two different parties for the same evening, and then to disappoint both of them. "Listen Lester", if you wish to work in harmony with the rest of us, let your conduct be that of a true gentleman.

### The Store Chorus

Favorable reports have been received lately from the Store Chorus and Mrs. Greene ought to have an excellent group of singers in a short while. We are particularly anxious to hear them entertain and we're sure we won't be a bit disappointed when we do.

A chorus is a particularly nice sort of thing for any large organization to boast of and when we recall the national fame that has been accorded to the Chorus of Strawbridge and Clothier's of Philadelphia, we know we can't hope for too much from our own. At least, we who can't sing can support them as best we know how and pull for their success.



## Mrs. Salomon Promoted

Mrs. Joseph Salomon has forsaken the Basement for all time. When Mr. Rosenthal left the store, she was selected by Mr. Kaufmann to head the Third Floor Millinery Department and has now been up there long enough to be fully acclimated. When asked how she liked the change she expressed herself as being supremely happy and particularly anxious to make it the finest Millinery Department we have ever had. From what we know of Mrs. Salomon, we're sure she'll soon make good her wish.

She has been with "The Big Store" for some time, as the buyer of the Basement Millinery and has established a reputation for buying shrewdness and vigorous management of her department. We are all pulling for her to keep up the pace, now that she has a major department in her charge. (This was the only likeness of you that we could lay hands upon, Mrs. Salomon.)

### HOSPITAL HOURS

Doctor - 9 to 10 A. M. Daily

Dentist - 9:30 to 12 Noon, Daily

Nurse in Attendance Daily During Store Hours

**REMEMBER THESE**

### Mr. Hotchkiss and Mr. Hirsch

A word of greeting is extended to Mr. L. B. Hotchkiss and Mr. Edgar Hirsch, two of the latest additions to the junior executive group of the store. Mr. Hirsch will assist Mr. Wolf in merchandising the departments included in the latter's group and Mr. Hotchkiss will perform a similar service of assistance for Mr. Abbott.

Mr. Hirsch comes to us from a neighboring store where he served for six years in various capacities and established for himself quite a reputation for knowledge of merchandising problems. He is not altogether unfamiliar with the systems of "The Big Store" and should be thoroughly at home in his new work in a very brief while.

Mr. Hotchkiss has had a more varied career, having served with both Filene's in Boston and E. T. Slattery's of the same city. In addition to his business experience, Mr. Hotchkiss is also a graduate of Williams, has attended the Harvard School of Business and was an instructor for two years at St. John's Military Academy at Manlius, N. Y. While with Slattery's he introduced a piece record system that has since been adopted by many leading stores.

Mr. Hotchkiss is well equipped for his work here and should lend Mr. Abbott some very familiar assistance in his merchandising work. "The Storagram" extends its best wishes to both newcomers and ventures a prediction that they will be happy with us.

### Our New Indoor Golf Course

With the characteristic leadership that marks all of this store's actions, we now have a beautiful indoor golf course to bolster our Sporting Goods department and show the sportsmen of Pittsburgh where the city's finest department may be found. Over 1,500 square feet of floor space is covered by this miniature course for winter golfers and it is expected that it soon will be the most popular place in the city for devotees of the National Rash.

There is no charge for playing over the course, and if you haven't yet succumbed to the charm of the game, you can arrange to take lessons here from Mr. Whittingham during the winter. Lessons may be had at the rate of \$1.00 per half-hour or 12 lessons for \$10.00.

An excellent net for driving and iron shots of all descriptions is utilized for lessons and putting practice may be had either here or on the miniature course, where some difficult holes make it interesting enough for the more experienced player's practice.

But before this instruction came, a vivid, attractive young blond girl who gave us a remarkably comprehensive talk on the store itself. First she told the employees their privileges. This included the Summer Camp, the care taken of them when ill, the special prices allowed them by the store, the benefits of the Mutual Beneficial Association. She talked on store Loyalty, told why Kaufmann's is the best store, why its prices are as low or lower than elsewhere, quality considered, its goods of the highest quality, its customers the best satisfied.

She suggested rules of conduct, particularly to the girls. She gently advised no loud talking, no talking with each other, when customers stood waiting, no primping at the counters, no laughing or chattering in the elevators, no calling across a department, no wearing of jewelry or sleeveless dresses, or use of too much rouge or powder.

Things I learned are these: If an employee is ill, he is required to report to the hospital. If ill enough to go home, he is sent there. If off work several days, a visiting nurse goes to the home, and here the social service department gets to work. Sometimes the nurse finds bad home surroundings for a girl or boy, or finds extreme poverty. Tactfully, knowledge of this is given to some person who can help better conditions. Of course, all this information was not part of the instruction given that day, but it happens that I know of the excellent social service work done in the store through this visiting nurse.

One requirement is made of any employee ill more than a couple of days—that is that he keep in touch with the hospital. If he is away more than three weeks, his position is held for him, after that time, no surely is given, but, if possible, he is taken care of when he returns.

After an employee has been with the store two months, he can draw a benefit of \$8 a week through the beneficial association. A death benefit also goes with membership in this organization.

All these things the girl told the prospective employees. Then we all were taken for a tour of the hospital, the rest rooms, and the cafeteria.

The hospital has private rooms in addition to the dormitory, a nurse is in constant attendance, and a physician and dentist at certain hours.

Everything in the way of medicine is there, and competent advice is given those who are ill.

Another new idea in service to the employees—an attorney is in an office in the store on

certain days and his advice is free to those who desire it.

On the little tour of inspection we found the rest room so pretty it might be a sun parlor in an expensive hotel. Soft lights, wide windows, easy chairs make it a place of real relaxation.

A branch of the Carnegie Library is there and employees of the store may take out books, just as they could at the Library.

The wash-rooms for the employees are appointed every bit as well as those for customers—also a new idea.

The young blond finished with us, by explaining that chewing gum or eating candy during working-hours was forbidden. She urged the uniform dressing in dark colors and explained the sales slips.

Then came an efficient little brunet who explained the sales-slips. We all had to make out the various kinds paid for and taken, charge and taken, paid for and sent and charged and sent. Again, questions were encouraged. Then we were shown how to work the cash registers.

We were advised, in case of difficulty, always to report it immediately to the floorwalker and not to depend on another salesperson's advice.

Little bits of good advice were given. For instance, "If you are at a cash register and forget to put the money in, until after the drawer is shut—which often happens," said our instructor, "don't hold the money in your hand until the next sale. Tell the floor manager and he will open the register for you. For, although you are perfectly honest, yet someone might see you keep that money and it wouldn't look right."

How to fend off customer's complaints and satisfy them was told. How to ease away a charge customer's impatience while the credit department was checking his or her account was suggested.

Care of the store's goods was urged.

Surely, every person went away from that room, with a good, fundamental knowledge of how to sell.

It was a far cry indeed from that day, to the years agone, when a slip of paper and a command to go to a certain department constituted the whole instruction given.

At noon, I went to the employees' cafeteria, and the joy of it! The airy-sunny room, the appetizing display of food, the courteous service, the general air of busy restfulness, if such a paradox can be imagined was a revelation.

Speaking of the summer camp at Bear Run;

having visited it, and having visited also its predecessor, the Emma Farm near Harmarville, I knew that when its charms were being explained, they all had foundation in fact.

One scarcely could imagine a more ideal place for a vacation than the camp. Roomy dormitories and cottages, a swimming-pool, grounds for tennis and even golf, acres and acres of private ground to roam over, splendid food, and three-times-a-day plentiful meals make it a close approach to Eden.

Then there are the evening entertainments, the hikes, the games and fun. There are the week-end visits of the store officials to the camp, when they shed dignity and austerity and become one with those who work for them.

A small sum is asked for all this, not exceeding \$7 a week and graded down to meet the salaries of the employees.

The whole experience only confirmed the general opinion of investigators in working conditions today, that a department store offers the unskilled worker, particularly the girl, more opportunity under better conditions than any other line of employment for which one need not be trained.

It is to the store's interest to promote the girl who takes an interest in her stock and customers and is careful, courteous and efficient. Of course, it is impossible to single out every person worthy of promotion, but, by far, the majority of those who really want to progress, can do so in a department store.

The employee is privileged to consult the employment heads upon any subject which is of importance. If you are in millinery and your soul yearns for the ribbon department, a talk with the officials of the employment department very likely will get you a transfer. If you are abnormally quick at figures and have an aptitude for book-keeping and checking, you may lift yourself from behind the counter to one of the many offices, or, maybe the cashier's cage.

You have OPPORTUNITY in a department store, no matter how untrained you are, if you only have the will and wish to get ahead.

And it is work where gentility, exquisite manners and consideration, all bring profit to the salesperson who possesses them.

It was a strange reaction, looking back through the years, when my ambitions were to become head of stock, or be transferred into a better-paying department, or even to become head of a department. Many of the girls who worked at or near counters where I worked

years ago, now have their own departments in the store.

The day gave me instruction and thought, and every minute of it held its own interest. It gave me a splendid knowledge of what general help is offered workers by the department store of today.

### MUDDLED ADVERTISEMENTS

A London periodical offered a prize for the best collection of unintentionally amusing advertisements. Here is one list:

"Annual sale now going on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated; come in here."

"Wanted, a room for two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad."

"Furnished apartments suitable for gentlemen with folding doors."

"Lost, a collie dog by a man on Saturday answering to Jim, with a brass collar around his neck and a muzzle."

"A boy wanted who can open oysters with a reference."

"Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children."

"Wanted, an organist, and a boy to blow the same."

"A high-class grand piano wanted by an old lady with carved legs."

"Lost, near Highgate Archway, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib and a bone handle."

"For sale—A fine healthy cow, giving milk, a load of hay, two hundred chickens and five oil stoves."

Wooden baby's cot for sale. Owner getting another.

Respectable widow wants washing three times a week.

For Sale—Strong woman's boots.

Wanted—A man and his wife to look after a farm with a religious turn of mind and no encumbrances.

Wanted—A Grandfather's clock by a gentleman in the country with a brass dial.

Wanted weekly, Fresh Butcher's Small Bones.

### A Poser

The motorist put his foot on the accelerator and for six or seven miles they tore along like the wind. Then something went wrong with the steering-gear and they ran into a tree. The farmer and motorist alighted unhurt on a bank of moss. The car was not damaged.

"That was fine," said the farmer, as he got up. "We sartainly went the pace. Tell me this, though—how do you stop her when there ain't no trees?"—The Baptist.

## TRANSFERS AND PROMOTIONS

December 1924 to January 12th, 1925

Name	Dept.	Position	To	Dept.	Position
Genevieve Carney	530	Stock		212	Stuffer
Marie Cummings	212	Clerk		210	Operator
L. Hindman	44	Stock		212	Stuffer
Naomi Pensis	214	Clerk		215	Clerk
Madge Ruffing	212	Stuffer		764	Clerk
C. O. Dunn	247	Floor Supt		17	Assistant
J. O. Bick	182	Floorman		247	Floor Supt.
T. Marshall	184	Floorman		247	Floor Supt.
Clyde Young	14	Floorman		121	Assistant
O. M. Voelker	45	Sales & Assistant		45	Floor & Assistant
Edna Alford	N Con't	Cashier		38	Cashier
Howard Bush	712	Package Collector		1	Trucker
Harry Gratton	N Con't	Stock		30	Wrapper
Stanley Flansbaum	187	Stock		401	Messenger
Lucille Wise	N Con't	Cashier		133	Cashier
Harry Shar	44	Packer		406	Window Trimmer
Robert Cross	44	Assembler		352-01	Watchman
Gertrude Roberts	S Con't	Clerk		210	Clerk
Estella Jacobs	44	Sales		210	Clerk
Charlotte Pschirer	184	Stock		25	Sales
N. Wladkowski	188	Stock		51	Sales
Amelia Gerhardt	N Con't	Wrapper		138	Wrapper
Fern Booth	44	Stock		226	Bindery Girl
Wm. Lewis	713	Special		746	Package Helper
Louis Braunstein	1	Stock		121	Sales
Mabel Taylor	226	Assembler		214	Refigurer
Nell Losey	S Con't	Sales		121	Sales

## Earth-Bound

If I might take to Heaven in my pocket, the dearest of the little things I own, I think that I would take a tiny locket which holds a face that love and I have known. I think that I would take a certain letter—a letter worn, and ribbon-tied, and old. Oh, I am sure that Heaven would seem better, if my poor hand might be allowed to hold a few of those dear dreams that made my pleasure—a few of those frail hopes that made life fair . . . If I might take along my meed of treasure, I know that happiness would find me There!

If I might take along the scent of gardens when they are lighted by the silver moon. The splendid glow of ice that slowly hardens, upon a frosty winter afternoon. The gleam of sunset on a purple mountain—a row of pines, cathedral-like, and still. The rainbow glitter of a slender fountain; a village glimpsed at dusk from some kind hill!

If I might take a dress of silk that shimmers with tints of rose and blue and amethyst. If I might take the candle shine that glimmers across a room that night has gently kissed. If I might take a baby's dimpled fingers, and sunlight slanting over autumn seas, and that first flush of dawn that throbs and lingers . . .

Oh, Heaven itself would thrill to some of these!—M. E. S. in "More Pep."

## "I Wish I Had Your Job."

A buyer in a department store put on his hat, referred to his note book and walked out the front door. He didn't "ring out," "register out," nor ask anybody if he could be absent from stock a few minutes. He just walked out—presumably upon a mission concerning his department.

A young salesman behind the counter, marking off a bolt of dress goods, said under his breath: "I wish I had your job."

This salesman had been in the firm's employ six months. The buyer had been in the firm's employ twenty-two years. The buyer had started as stock boy at seven dollars a week and was now getting more salary per week than the "wishing" salesman was getting in two months.

The chances are that if we had recited the details of that buyer's history for twenty-five years to the salesman and asked him if he would be willing to go through that to obtain the buyer's job, that he would answer, "No!"

There are no easy roads to the top—no spasmodic jumps to get there. It's done by eternally keeping at it and doing your work well.

It's backbone, not wishbone, that gets there.  
—Dry Goods Reporter.

## Elementary Bits of Golfing

By Whittingham

The first act you make on the golf course is to step up on the first tee and make your drive. This shot is the shot of your whole day's pleasure—if you miss it your game is spoiled. Use either your brassie or driver for driving. If you are a regular slicer, my advice would be to top your ball—you will at least go straight. A straight drive of 20 yards is much better for your score than a 200 yard slice that travels out of bounds.

The brassie is used for the shot on the fairway—that shot that calls for a drive of 200 yards or more. If you are not familiar with your brassie, get a wood cleek and use it, otherwise use your mid iron.

Mid Irons are made to give you a distance ranging from 150 to 190 yards. Women can get from 75 to 150 yards with this club. The easiest way to use this club is to keep the wrist fairly stiff and use the right side of the body as much as possible.

The mashie is used for short holes of 125 and 175 yards and also for many short strokes to be played when your ball is getting nearer the green. The nearer you get to the green, the shorter do you grip your club. Keep the club tight in your hand and play it naturally.

The niblick is used in sand traps, bunkers, very rough grass, stones and bad lies. Also, in some cases, this club is used for short, high, dead-stop pitches to the hole, usually over a trap or a terrace.

The putter is used on the putting green and is so designed to roll the ball along the surface. A good style of putting is to be sure and have complete control of your ball. Using English or cutting the ball has the desired effect.

If you are interested enough to attempt a few thorough lessons, visit our Golf School this winter and prepare yourself for starting your game this spring. Ask J. J. Whittingham whatever questions may be troubling you now.

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Whatever your work, and whatever its worth,  
No matter how strong or clever  
Someone will sneer if you stop to hear  
And scoff at your best endeavor.  
For the tower of art has a lofty spire,  
With many a stair of landing;  
And those who climb, seem small of time  
To one at the bottom standing.

To yearn for what we have not had, to sit  
With hungry eyes glued on the future's gate,  
Why that is Heaven compared to having it  
With all the power gone to appreciate!  
(Which proves that anticipation is better  
than realization.)



Gus. Linder and His Carbuncles

## *Business is Business*

by EVERETT W. LORD

Dean of Boston University College of Business Administration

"Business is business," the old man said,  
"It's warfare where everything goes,  
Where every act that pays is fair  
And all whom you meet are foes.  
It's a battle of wits, a heartless rush—  
It's a tearing, wearing fight;  
It's a trick of the strong to win from the weak  
With never a thought of right."  
And he schemed, and he fought, and he pushed  
men aside,  
While the world in contempt looked on;  
It buried him deep 'neath the wealth that he  
claimed  
And he covered his name with scorn.

"Business is business," the young man said,  
"A game in which all may play;  
Where every move must accord with the rules  
And no one his fellow betray.  
It's wholesome and clean, and full of good-will,  
It's an urging, surging game,  
Its mission to serve in your day and age,  
And a guerdon to honor your name."  
And he sought and he bought, and he brought  
from afar,  
And he served with conscience clear;  
While his praise was sung by his fellow-men  
And his service crowned with cheer.

## Over the Soda Glasses

(Being a frothy column devoted to the sayings and antics of t'ween-meals habitues of our 13th Floor Soda Fountain.)

Max Odenheimer is one of the best customers at these tables. His wife must need a bull-dog to keep him away from the ice box when he's home.

"Yah! These hod fudges have it over the plain chocklits like a circus tent."

Harry Broida has so many young lady friends that it generally cost him double or triple the regular price when he comes up here to Philip.

No use cryin' over spilled milk—let the fellow who slips on it do the sobbin'.

Restaurant statistics show that there are more banana splits sold the day after pay day than Coca Colas.

Heard a fellow ask for a "Peanut Soda" the other day.

A sign tells us that Carbonated Water keeps you fizzically fit. Be your own fizzician and you'll know what "bubbling laughter" and "sparkling wit" mean.

"Yes, that's Babette, no funnin'. Yeh, that classy rib over there parked behind the hot chocklit."

Cohen of the Marking and Receiving comes in for an in-between. Carries a tray like a veteran and is particular in choosing his drink.

Folks were disappointed who thought the Restaurant would have an After-Xmas Half-Off Sale. Flavors were half-off one day and everybody kicked. No, Horace, there's no price reduction if you only use one straw.

Some Bureau of Employment girls coming in, (no, I won't name 'em), and there's only one tray for the crowd. I'd sooner hold the tray than say "How Much" to the Cashier.

This is a great place for discussions. Regular back-yard gossip is buzzing about all the time—and quite a few arguments.

Enough for this time. Would appreciate contributions for next month's column.

### Shifted the Signs

"Hello, Pat! I hear you lost your job in that department store."

"Yes, got fired the first day."

"How did that happen?"

"Oh, I just took a sign from a lady's shirt waist and put it on a bath tub."

"Well, that wasn't so awful, was it?"

"I don't know, but the sign read, 'How would you like to see your best girl in this for \$2.98'."



### A Store Traffic Solution

We believe it would be far more pleasant to shoppers in the store if all would adhere to the same laws of street traffic, keep to the right and do not stop in the center of aisles. Not infrequently we notice groups of people chatting away in the middle of busy aisles, impeding the progress of other shoppers who have less time to spend on their errands. Store people, at least, should set an example by obeying these sensible rules.

### From the Main Floor

We are glad to have Miss Dickson, of Relief T. Con., back on the job again after an illness of several weeks.

### "She's Done Gone"

A salesman bringing his bride South on their honeymoon, visited a hotel where he boasted of the fine honey.

"Sambo," he asked the colored waiter, "where's my honey?"

"Ah don't know, boss," replied Sambo, eyeing the lady cautiously. "She don't wuk here no mo'."

**The Tie That Blinds**

Some may long for the soothing touch  
 Of lavender, cream and mauve,  
 But the ties I wear must possess the glare  
 Of a red-hot kitchen stove.  
 The books I read and the life I lead  
 Are sensible, sane and mild,  
 I like calm hats and I don't wear spats,  
 But I want my neckties wild.  
 Give me a wild tie, brother,  
 One with a cosmic urge:  
 A tie that will swear  
 And rip and tear,  
 When it sees my old blue serge.

O, some will say that gent's cravat  
 Should only be seen, not heard,  
 But I want a tie that will make men cry  
 And render their vision blurred.  
 I yearn, I long, for a tie so strong  
 It will take two men to tie it,  
 If such there be, just show it to me—  
 Whatever the price, I'll buy it!

Give me a wild tie, brother,  
 One with a lot of sims,  
 A tie that will blaze,  
 In a hectic gaze.  
 Down where the vest begins.  
 —“MORE PEP.”

**What Kind of a Chap Are You?**

Are you one of the chaps who can take his raps  
 And still not hit the floor;  
 Who'll stick by the gun till his task is done  
 And then look around for more?

Do you grin at your work or sulk and shirk  
 When the job seems hard to do;  
 Are you there with the grit to do your bit;  
 Can the boss depend on you?

Is your conscience clear, with nothing to fear  
 As you punch the clock each night;  
 When you leave the job, do your pulses throb  
 With the thought of a task done right?

Is it pleasure or dread when you pillow your  
 head  
 And think of the coming day;  
 Do you breathe a prayer for strength to bear;  
 Does your job mean simply pay?

Just pause a bit and see if you fit  
 In the class that's pictured here—  
 For it's never too late to clean the slate  
 And start on a record clear.

—Frank A. Collins in *Forbes Magazine*.

Contributed by Gwendolyn Williams of the  
 Order Department

## Visit The Store Library

**It was placed there for yor your use and convenience. If you are not taking advantage of this privilege, the Library is not serving its purpose. VISIT IT TODAY.**

**Don't Quit**

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,  
When the road you're trudging seems all up hill;  
When the funds are low and the debts are high,  
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,  
When care is pressing you down a bit,  
Rest, if you must, but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,  
As every one of us sometimes learns,  
And many a failure turns about,  
When he might have won had he stuck it out;  
Don't give up, though the pace seems slow,  
You may succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than  
It seems to a faint and faltering man.  
Often the strugger has given up,  
When he might have captured the victor's cup.  
And he learned too late, when the night slipped  
down,  
How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out—  
The silver tint of the clouds no doubt,  
And you can never tell how close you are,  
It may be near when it seems afar;  
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit,  
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't  
quit.

—PORTLAND HERALD, Portland, Tenn.

**Friends of Mine**

Good morning, Brother Sunshine—  
Good morning, Sister Song.  
I beg your humble pardon  
If you've waited very long.  
I thought I heard you rapping,  
To shut you out were sin  
My heart is standing open;  
Won't you walk right in?

Good morning, Brother Gladness—  
Good morning, Sister Smile.  
They told me you were coming,  
So, I waited on a while.

I'm lonesome here without you,  
A weary while it's been.  
My heart is standing open—  
Won't you walk right in?

Good morning, Brother Kindness—  
Good morning, Sister Cheer;  
I heard you were out calling,  
So, I waited for you here.

***Do Your Best, Always***

(Contributed)

To make a success of anything there must be a certain amount of co-ordination and loyalty put into it. One part must work in co-ordination with all other parts or it is not a success, and loyalty must have its share or there cannot be co-ordination. So to make any business show successful results we must all pull together and put every ounce of energy we have into it—every ounce of loyalty we have backing us. When you work for a concern no matter how large or how small, that concern is entitled to the best you have in you.

Boost it—don't knock it. Root for it—don't jeer it.

You spend the greater part of your waking hours here . . . more hours than you spend at home—in a way this is your home—and that old saying that goes something like this "If you spill your cigar ashes on the floor at home, do it here too, for we want you to feel at home" applies somewhat in your business life.

If you are untidy at home, you are bound to be untidy in business . . . if you are a good home maker, you'll also be a good business person if you apply yourself in that direction.

So do your best every day for the concern that employs you, and though you do not notice it, you are building up your character for bigger and better things to come—whether it be marriage or a better position.

Too many girls say, "Oh, I intend to get married anyway, so I'll just drift along until that event turns up". If they don't say it in so many words, they think it—but the training you get out of employment helps you in everything you do, marriage or otherwise. So do your best, as I said before, and it will certainly come back to you as the "bread cast upon the waters," for energy used in a good cause is never wasted. It is returned a hundredfold.

**Mrs. Durham Is Congratulated**

The people of the Fourth Floor proffer their congratulations to Mrs. Durham, the popular buyer of the Misses' Dress Department, who recently completed her fourth year of service with "The Big Store".

**A Truthful Advertiser**

"Our diamonds have the same purity, the same weight and the same sparkle as the genuine article, and in order to make the imitation perfect, we sell them for exactly the same price."—Paris Ruy Blas.

“**H**E only men who serve the world now are young men and men who never grow old, men in whose system the steam goes strong all the time and who do not get so stiff that their whole machinery buckles up.”

*Woodrow Wilson*



## LET US RESOLVE

- To raise our 1925 standard of salesmanship above the par of 1924, in every possible way.
  - To exercise courtesy and interest in every encounter with customers, as a means of impressing them with our service.
  - To be cautious, lest we offend by a mistake; attentive, that we may minimize errors and truthful, that we may justify the faith of our employers and uphold the selling traditions of "The Big Store."
  - To be kind to others for the sake of Charity itself and to be ever-responsive with sympathy when a call is sounded for it.
  - To live cleaner, better and more carefully during 1925 than ever before.
  - To be loyal without thought of reward, for Loyalty is our just debt to "The Big Store" and calls for more soul than merely filling office hours.
  - To inspire loyalty among all our store associates.
- 